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VOL. V. [1. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, MARCH 14, 1829.

No. 21.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1829.

The Lady of Ruthven.

Travelling in the northern part of Great Britain, I turned aside from the road to view more closely one of those ancient edifices that stand, as it were a connecting link, between time gone by and the present. I ever took delight in contemplating these mighty piles of past ages, for they operate as a talisman on the imagination, and in an instant the mercurial mind, in defiance of space and time, lives whole centuries. While surveying the building an aged man approached, and accosted me. " You appear," said he, " to be a stranger, and interested with the exterior of the castle; perhaps the interior may equally excite your curiosity; if so, I will attend you through the building." I gladly accepted of the old steward's invitation, for such he proved to be, and I could not possibly have had a better guide, for he was communicative, and intimately familiar with the history of the castle and its inmates, from the time the cornerstone was deposited.

He led me through lofty chambers that frowned in all the gloom of gothic times; extended galleries and stately halls, concerning each of which some anecdote was rife in his memory. He paused with peculiar satisfaction in the armory, hung round with banners, arms, and the trophies of war. He was familiar with the history of every weapon and coat of mail, and gave with tedious accuracy an account of the various conflicts in which the several indentations, perceptible on the warlike apparel, were received. From the armory we passed into the gallery of family pictures, which afford many of the rudest with some of the finest specimens of art. Here might be seen the mailed knight scowling death to his prostrate antagonist, or gazing with eyes full of devotion on his lady love; there a judge, with fat, un-

meaning face and full-bottomed wig, looking askance at a hoop petticoat, and a diminutive countenance peering beneath a wilderness of curls, not unlike an owl from an ivy bush; a little farther, a group of corydons and shepherdesses, watching their flocks, which had called forth the greatest care of the artist; and then came the matter-of-fact portrait of modern days, which can do nothing more for an ugly face than make it handsome, or place a man in a studious posture with a book in his hand, though he scarcely comprehends the alphabet.

While surveying the different portraits, my eye fell on one calculated to make the spectator shrink at the first glance. It was a warrior clad in a coat of mail; his hair was gray, his countenance thin and cadaverous, and his eyes as fierce as that of the enraged tiger. His forehead was bony, capacious, and reposed on a pair of thick, bushy brows. His cheek-bones were high, his chin robust, and his thin lips compressed, indicative of cool determination.

" That," said the old man, " is the portrait of Lord Ruthven, who was at the slaying of David Rizzio. He left his sick bed, to which he had been confined for three months, pale and emaciated, too feeble to bear the weight of his armour, or even to support his own body without assistance, to do a murder at the bidding of, and in the presence of his king."

" And is that," said I, " the man who shed blood in cool blood, and calmly sat down in the presence of his insulted queen, and tauntingly called for drink to quench his thirst, while his bony hands were still reeking with the life-blood of her favourite! But who are those young men to the left, on the same canvass, whose countenances are full of manly beauty, and glow with intelligence?"

" The last of the name of Ruthven. The sons of that Earl of Gowrie, whose restless spirit burst forth at the raid of Ruthven, and finally terminated its earthly career on the scaffold. His sons were the pride of Scotland in their day, and fell at the same instant, while perpetrating the most inexplicable conspiracy

that history has recorded. Their dead bodies were brought into parliament, indicted for high treason, their honours and estates were forfeited, and the ancient and proud name of Ruthven for ever abolished."

"And who is that," I inquired, pointing at a female portrait, "whose face rivals in loveliness all that the Italian artists have combined in their ideal beauty? where female softness is so admirably blended with masculine vigour, that the trial for mastery at the first glance appears doubtful; but on a nearer view it is plain to see that the latter, in this instance, as in all others, maintains a transcendent influence over the former. Behold the arched brow where pride sits enthroned; the eye beneath it beaming love, and the lips that would tempt an anchorite to press them, were it not for the latent fire in that eye, and the firmness of purpose indicated by that chin, at the same time that the curve of beauty is preserved, forbids even the passionless kiss of an anchorite. This I should judge to be the work of some enthusiastic painter, who, in a delirium of love, delineated the mistress of his imagination, rather than the being that nature had created."

The withered cheek of the old man glowed at my praise, and he replied, "That is the swan of the house of Ruthven, who was reared in the raven's nest when her own flock was scattered. She was the child of the last of the name; still an infant at the time of her father's murder; and when the storm tore up, root and branch, the noble tree that had withstood the rage of warring elements for centuries, this last frail scion was transplanted to a foreign land, where it grew in beauty worthy of its parent stem. Rightly have you judged in pronouncing that picture the work of an enthusiastic lover: it is by the celebrated Van-dyck, to whom nature not only lent her colouring, but watched every touch and carefully guided his hand. Charles the martyr, at whose court the orphan of the fallen house of Ruthven was a maid of honour, bestowed her in marriage on the impassioned painter, and never did the skilful artist exercise his brush with greater success, than when delineating the lovely features of the object of his adoration."

I left the gallery with my mind filled with widely different reflections from those which occupied it on entering. The mute canvass on which I had been gazing, had read to me a striking lesson on the vicissitudes of human life, and the futility of the attempt to perpetuate a name. Here I beheld a long line of ancestry, who had kept monarchs in awe and been linked with loyalty, extinguished by a breath—a single word—and the last remaining drop of their haughty blood, the very essence of their race, a thousand times distilled, indebted for its preservation to charity, and finally bestowed on one whose progenitors had passed as obscurely through the world as the purling stream through the untrodden wilderness: and yet to

the talents of this man is she more indebted for the duration of her name, than to the daring deeds of her turbulent ancestors. I here also learnt that he who was the monarch's terror, the monarch himself, and she for whose charms the monarch might proudly have sighed, can obtain no more substantial fame than an outline of their features on perishable canvass, or a page in history seldom opened. Most glorious guerdon, after a feverish existence, when we reflect that

* There's not that work
Of careful nature or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin.

FROM THE LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Henrietta of France.

(Concluded.)

"Ah! is it so?" she murmured, as she crossed the winding galleries.

"Is what so, sweet one?" exclaimed a rough, yet fine voice.

"Bu—"

"No names?" said the same voice. It was the same 'squire Maguire had met in the palace yard.

"How came you here?" she asked, timidly, and shrinking some distance from him, as for safety.

"How came I here? Why, then, as you have made me confess before, I will tell you; 'squires know 'squires you know, and I made bold to be seeking another word or two from you, when I heard you had been seen in the Princess's room." If he had told truth, however, he might have said, he had won favour in a lower part of the palace, but not from 'squires.

"Be brief," replied Maguire.

"Say, then, does your royal lady know whom she favours?"

"She does not; but I should have sought you to request I might be allowed to tell her. Have I leave?"

"If there were only my word depending, sweetest, you should have it, but you know there is another, and that one I cannot obtain. I have sought thee to have thy promise renewed, and thou must do it. We go hence to-day, and I would not leave without a promise of thy favour."

"Wave that subject, Sir Knight. Thou wouldst not look honourably on a poor maiden like me, and otherwise I scorn thy love. I know whither you go—where thy master and thyself will forget they loved, or thought they loved, in France."

"By my soul, no! exclaimed her companion, if thy royal mistress and thyself love but as true as we do, a few months will prove it. But now, farewell! If that silly boy had not set his mind on this journey, not one inch farther would I go," said the deceiver, hastily snatching the same little hand to his lips, that had suffered the same penance on the previous evening.

"Farewell, till we meet again on more open terms;" and he bent a deep scrutinizing glance on her blushing face, and moistened eye, and with a conscious glance of triumph left the palace.

Is he gone? she thought, "is he true? his words say yes! but there is something in his glance that makes me shrink—and his name—oh no, Maguire, you must not think of him. And my poor mistress, how shall I satisfy her? she has not the high spirit that will make me forget—I can, I know it—I would not have spoken but for my mistress's sake."

Yes! thus reasoned Maguire, the tears coursing their way on her velvet cheek all the time. Yet, when she next sought her royal lady, her cheek was dry, and her eyes brilliant as ever, but a close observation might have traced something within, that sometimes dimmed her eye, and made her lip quiver. She had mistaken her mistress, for she did not even question, or reply to a word that Maguire had told her of their interview. She seemed, indeed, to struggle a little with her pride, when, after a long silence she said—

"Maguire you did not say I loved, or I had asked those questions?"

"No, fair mistress."

"Then all is well. Ay, wench, let them go. The proud Englishman shall not say—let him be whom he may—that the Princess of wide spreading France loved an unknown knight. Yet, Maguire, my affectionate girl, I will own, if ever there were man I could love, it is he. Rank cannot alter that, Maguire. But enough of this. I will to the King. Let this be the last time our converse turns this way."

"Even so," replied Maguire, and attended her mistress.

Months had sped quickly by, and Maguire and her mistress had kept their resolution not to speak of the absent; but they were continually reading each other's looks, and with woman's lynx eyes they saw what each termed weakness in the other, and prided herself that she was free from.

It now, however began to be rumoured in Henry's court, that the young Prince Charles was gone to Spain, to ratify the contract with the Infanta; then, that it was broken off; and many were the surmises as to the reasons, but few came near the fact.

Henrietta had been sitting with Maguire one morning, listening to the merry strains she could not but smile at, and then dropping a tear when Maguire altered the tune to a sad strain, for she had lately learned to sweep its strings slowly, and even to let her eyes fill with tears at her own minstrelsy. She had scarcely changed it to a soft strain, when a maiden entered to bid Henrietta to the King's presence

"I come," she said; then, as she leaned on Maguire, and proceeded to the presence chamber, she softly whispered—"Maguire, I know not what hangs over me, but I feel strangely at this summons. I fear I have imbibed thy roman-

tic disposition. Wait me here," she said aloud, as she entered the room and closed the door.

Maguire had been waiting nearly an hour, when the door opened, and an officer of state ushered out the pale, weeping Henrietta. She took her arm in silence, and gained her apartments; then, throwing herself on the couch, burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Lady-mistress, what has happened? Let me weep with thee, said the already tearful maiden."

"Oh, Maguire! I have been deceiving myself—fancying I loved not—but, girl, look well into your own heart, and tell me, have you quite torn him you favoured from your heart? If you have, I do indeed, envy you. Ah! thou art even as weak as I am, else why that crimsoned cheek? Maguire, that prince of whom thou thinkst so much, hath made proposals for me, and the King, my brother, hath said yes! and I was sent for to ratify the word—and then girl, I found—I knew my heart—I have said no! but it will not avail me: how happy art thou, thou canst say yes, or no, as it wills thee. Smile you when you see me thus? Then, indeed, I am deceived." Thus spoke the distressed Princess, her whole frame shaking convulsively, and her tears dried in the burning glance she threw on Maguire, as she now smilingly answered—

"No, I smile not because thou art unhappy; that is not Maguire—but thou wilt yet be happy—think, royal lady—Queen of England!"

"Girl, thou dost not love, or if thou dost, 'tis for gain. Begone! I will not listen to thee.—Ah! art thou weeping? I am passionate, girl. I did not mean what I said. But you know not how I love."

"Yes, yes! I know how thou lovest; but will thou then not go to England? And where art thou more likely to meet him thou lovest than there."

"Ay, girl, to my sorrow. You form conclusions without thought. Should I not then be another's bride?"

Maguire seemed to struggle with some powerful inward feeling, and did not answer.

"Ah! I see you think I should love the empty title of Queen! but you are deceived. Say, girl, what would you do—would you wed one man, when you loved another?"

"No, lady! no, that I would not; but I prophecy you will love the Prince, and—"

"You might as well think to put fire in water, and make it retain its heat." And thus the conversation terminated.

It was renewed almost every day, for on no other subject could the mind of the Princess turn. Maguire thought she was composed, and consented to the match readily, but she was deceived again, it was pride—wounded pride, that caused the eye of the Princess to be tearless; not that she felt less; no, her heart was full to bursting, but should it be said she loved one who scorned her?—no!

The time was now quickly approaching that was to seal her fate ; 1625 had already begun its course ; the splendid presents of the Prince were come, and several of the English nobility had arrived, to witness her nuptials.

"And I am to be married by proxy, Maguire ! Not even to see my future husband. Maguire ! Maguire ! I cannot but envy thee," she said, as the eventful day approached.

It came, and, pale and trembling, Henrietta stood, surrounded by her maidens, in the chapel of the palace. Maguire stood nearest her, and her English attendants ranged behind her. Her royal brother, Louis XIII., graced the nuptials. At length the Prince's proxy entered, attended by Buckingham, and several 'squires, who bowed lowly to Henrietta, and took their respective places.

Maguire turned from pale to red successively, and grasped the altar for support as she recognized Buckingham, but as quickly recovered herself at a glance from his eye.

As Henrietta went through the ceremony, the bold glances of Buckingham made her tremble, and when the service was concluded, and she was hailed as the Prince's wife, she took Maguire's arm, and, followed by her attendants, left the chapel.

"Maguire, 'tis done ! the trial is over ; but did you observe that bold man they call the Duke of Buckingham ? Tell me, is it not him of whom we have heard so much ? of his gallantry I mean ? But you tremble, Maguire— are you ill ?

All this was whispered, and Maguire, in the same manner, answered—

"Royal Princess, I am well ; but I did not notice him much—he is that same man of whom you have heard so much licentiousness ;" and she thought, "I fear, lady, we shall prove it ere we reach England. How much fitter he looked for her bridegroom, than mine. Yes ! lady, you think your fate hard—then what would you think of mine ? But he will not dare offer the wife of his Prince any indignity."

That night neither Maguire nor her mistress slept much. Each pondered on their relative situations ; one, indeed, was splendid ; but how was its splendour increased when the morning brought despatches from England, and she learned that, through the death of her father-in-law, James I., she was Queen of England ; and she would in a month be in her husband's court ! Yet she felt not pleasure ; and, when Maguire entered the room, she had knelt to pray that God would make her to love the King her husband, as she ought to love.

Buckingham waited on her each day, and his disgusting attention increased. Maguire he still flirted with, but she saw through him now, and despised him with the same ardour that she had loved him.

The ship mounted her gayest colours, when the Princess, weeping from the last embrace of her royal brother, stepped on her deck.

Maguire accompanied her, but she left not any one in France she would have cared to take with her, she loved only her Queen, and with her she was. It was true, Buckingham was in the ship, but he was hateful to her, and he, piqued by her scorn, treated her as one beneath his notice.

Henrietta landed amid the cheers of her subjects, and her mild, pale face increased their love for her, and she was followed to the palace by rich and poor.

Yet, that woman's foible, vanity ! made her seek her bridal dress to appear in, for she knew its spotless white became her.

Buckingham gazed a long look on her as he led her to the presence of her husband. She trembled violently, and buried her face in her veil, as though to hide her husband's face from her view till the last minute ; but, as she approached closer, her knees refused to support her, and she sank trembling into outstretched arms, and those arms were King Charles's !

"Henrietta, our consort, look up !" said a voice that seemed to act as magic on her ; for she opened her eyes, and fixed them 'midst the sweetest blushes, on him.

She looked from Buckingham to Maguire, and then on her consort ; and tears, but different from what she had lately shed, fell thickly from her eyes, and they were kissed away by her disguised lover, Prince Charles and King Charles !

"Maguire, thou naughty one ! I will punish thee : tell me, now, where is thy lover ?"

"That was him, my Queen : but I throw him from me ; I would not now accept him," and a tear trickled from beneath her long silken lashes.

"Right, right, girl !" said Henrietta ; but Buckingham, the usual haughty smile curling his mouth, repeated—"Right," and turned on his heel.

Charles was not in the humour to sue for an explanation, and the scene passed.

"We will be crowned to-morrow, Buckingham ;" said he ; and he sealed the promise on the lips of his wife. Maguire soon after became the bride of one of the King's gentlemen, and continued in her loved Queen's train ; and her simple, light hearted manner soothed the unfortunate Henrietta's soul in more trying moments, than had yet passed over her youthful head.

E. A. I.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Charles Louis Sand,

A German student, and the assassin of Kotzebue, was born at Weinseidel, in the Margravate of Bayreuth in Saxony. Sand belonged to a very respectable family, by which he was tenderly beloved. He first studied at the gymnasium of Rogensbourg, under Professor Klein, then went to Tübingen, and at-

tended the lessons of the learned Eschenheimer. He studied and prepared for the ministry, for which his gentle character and pure manners seemed to render him well qualified. An ardent patriot, he partook of the enthusiasm of the German youth, and ranged himself under the banners of independence. He made with bravery the campaigns of 1813—14, and took up arms again after the return of Napoleon to France, in 1815. The captain of the company in which he served in 1815, wrote after the assassination of Kotzebue, "I was myself an observer of Sand, and could not but love and esteem him more and more every day, for his strict virtue, his uprightness, his good manners, and his enthusiastic love of truth. No one could be more modest, calm, reflecting, and, as far as it was possible to be, exempt from every kind of passion. So that I cannot regard his unfortunate crime but as the effect of fanaticism, and as the beginning of his aberrations of mind." Sand attended the courses of the celebrated universities of Erlangen, Tubingen, and Jena, where he merited the esteem and friendship of his fellow students and his masters, by his personal qualities, his love of labor, and his great aptitude for instruction; but it was at the university of Tubingen that his sombre and melancholy character began first to be developed, which was very soon to make him a miserable assassin. Sand believed that peace would render to his country that independence which it had enjoyed during the wars against France, and that Germany would know at last the charms and blessings of liberty. Vain hope! Despotism observes no bounds. Oligarchy, which began to bear down with all its force upon a people generous and essentially good, fired his imagination. Penalty, prison, and exile, attended the courageous writers who elevated their voices in favor of the people; and men devoted to power, the salaried agents of the Government, outraged each day the dearest rights of the citizens, and were scandalously recompensed by titles and honors. Among these last, Kotzebue was thought to stand in the first rank. His celebrated name, his literary reputation justly merited, the influence which he exercised over the men of the nation, the imprudent and, without doubt, feigned part which he bore against the German universities, of which he bitterly censured their ideas as too much in harmony with modern institutions; the foolish approbation which he gave to the measures of rigor adopted by the Hanoverian Government, the occasion of the troubles of the University of Gottingen; made an impression so profound upon Sand and his fellow students, that these young men, who belonged, they say, to a secret association called the united society for the propagation of virtue, swore his death, and left to chance to decide who should strike the fatal blow—this was Sand. According to another account,

Sand had alone conceived, meditated, and resolved upon executing the crime which has impressed upon his name so fatal a celebrity. Whatever it may be, he departed for Geneva on the 9th of March, 1819, clad in the ancient German costume, arrived on the 23d of the same month, and exclaimed as he descended from the vehicle, *Vivat Tatonia!* He took lodgings at the Hotel de Vigne, and entered himself by the name of Henricks, a student of the University of Erlangen. The same day he went to the house of Kotzebue, announced himself as the bearer of a letter from his aged mother, who lived in Vienna. As Kotzebue was in the habit of passing the morning at labor, and walking out at noon, the young stranger was not introduced; they asked him to return in the evening, which was devoted to the reception of visitors. Sand returned to his lodgings, dined at the public table, and ate with a very good appetite; he conversed gaily for two hours with a curate of the country, one of the guests. At about five he took leave of him, and directed his steps towards the house, and met with some ladies who were going to visit Madame Kotzebue, which did not change his design. He knocked, the door was opened immediately; he saluted the ladies, and made them pass before him. Sand remained in the ante-chamber until he was announced. The servant returned and conducted him into the next room, saying to him that his master would be there immediately. When the company entered, Kotzebue was seated in the midst of his family. They relate that, holding in his arms his youngest son, about two months old, he said, with emotion, I was precisely the age of this child when I had the misfortune to lose my father. It is probable that Sand employed himself when alone in preparing to strike the blow, for Kotzebue, who was far from suspecting it, had no sooner entered than Sand, with the most incredible dexterity, plunged a long dagger into his breast. The blow was directed with such force that the dagger penetrated through the fourth rib and made a mortal wound in the heart. The victim had no doubt made an effort to disarm his assassin, and at the end of a struggle of some moments, in which Kotzebue appeared to have employed the remaining strength which nature furnishes in similar circumstances, he fell, and dragged the murderer down in his fall. Sand arose, and, the better to secure his vengeance, struck him three other blows, one of which passed through the lungs. At the noise of the fall, and the groans which followed, a domestic ran and found him upon the floor, weltering in his blood. The assassin was on his knees near him, his dagger in his hand, and coldly contemplating his victim. The cries of the servant spread the alarm among the ladies, who ran towards the apartment, and shrieked with terror at the sight of the horrid spectacle. Kotzebue having now lost all his blood, breathed

his last. Sand, holding his still reeking dagger in his hand, appeared indifferent to what passed around him, and had his eyes constantly fixed upon the dead body. Some persons called for assistance through the windows, and requested a surgeon to be brought, whilst the eldest daughter of Kotzebue, aided by a *valet de chambre*, carried her father into another apartment. The family and witnesses of this bloody scene were plunged into consternation and despair; the murderer alone appeared calm and unmoved, awaiting with tranquillity the result of the event; but at the arrival of the succour they had called for, he arose and descended the stair case, crying with a loud voice—“*The traitor has fallen!*” He gained the outer door, but found it obstructed by a crowd, through which he pushed his way with violence, and threw a look of indignation upon the people, who cried out—Behold the assassin! Then raising his dagger with one hand and a written paper in the other, he said—“*It is I who am the murderer! Thus perish all traitors!*” In this terrible moment his features and words made such an impression upon the multitude that no one dared to seize or disarm him. After his exclamation he threw himself on his knees, and with a calm and solemn air, turned his head towards the house in which he had committed the crime, then joining his hands, and raising his eyes towards heaven, he cried—“*I thank thee Oh God, for having permitted me to accomplish with success this act of justice!*” And opening his breast, he struck himself several times with the dagger he had preserved. He then fell down insensible, and remained in that state until the magistrate who was informed of the event had him carried to the hospital, where they took the greatest care of his wounds, which were all deep. The paper which he had thrown in the air before striking himself contained these words, in large letters—“*A mortal blow to Augustus Kotzebue! Virtue is in union and liberty!*” An official report of this event was immediately prepared and sent to *Carlsruhe*. A courier was despatched to the authorities of *Jena* to request the seals to be put on the papers of Sand; but nothing was found which could lead to a suspicion that he had accomplices. A single paper fixed their attention; but it was merely the commencement of a letter, in which these words were written—“*I run in advance of my destiny—the scaffold.*” When the state of his wounds permitted him to be questioned, he declared that he alone had conceived and executed the design. The physicians thought his final recovery improbable, but hoped to prolong his life for some time. His trial lasted a year, and he persisted to the last in declaring that he had no accomplice. The sentence of death was finally pronounced, and he was conducted to execution, at the age of 23 years. It is said that the most mournful silence prevailed during his passage from the

prison to the scaffold, and the window blinds were all closed during the march of the procession.—*Washington Chronicle*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new.”

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

“In adverse hours an equal mind maintain
Nor let your spirits rise too high,
Though fortune kindly change the scene
Remember, Delius, you were born to die.”

How great are the vicissitudes of this life! How soon may a man, who is elevated to the acme of glory, be brought down to the lowest state of despondency! There are none so mighty, but may be humiliated—none so exalted, but may yet cringe to a superior.

Few, we may safely say, can bear with equanimity the reverses of fortune: We find that some, because adversity has for a period cast upon them a sullen frown, abandon their virtuous pursuits, neglect the performance of every duty incumbent upon them, and finally terminate lives of wretchedness and despair by their own hands. There are others, who by a sudden contingency have risen from poverty to affluence, and from an humble station to power, that have, through their change of fortune, immediately looked upon themselves as superior beings, and treated the rest of the human family, with indignity and contempt. But not the great and opulent alone, are venerated by men of probity and intelligence. By them, wealth is looked upon as a phantom, delusive and transitory;—by them, regal appellations and high sounding epithets are considered as empty titles;—by them no praise is bestowed, unless where it is actually due; and by them, magnanimous and deserving souls are admired, and their noble and virtuous principles duly appreciated.

DAMÆTAS.

There's Time Enough.

If persons were only aware of the losses that await on this expression, they would be more prompt in attending to the concerns of life. People are too apt to let time pass, thinking there will be “time enough” left to do any particular thing, until at length they find, when it is too late, that owing to procrastination, the golden season of action is past, and they are left to reflect upon their disappointment, with the additional comfort, that had they set about it promptly, there would have been “time enough.” The school boy when he trudges to school stops to play, thinking “there's time enough,” oversteps the hour of school call, and gets punished for thinking there was time enough. The beautiful and engaging maiden surrounded by suitors, gives the go-by first to one good fellow, then another, thinking there is time enough for marriage—at last she finds herself deserted, her loveliness on the wane,

and laments too late her mistake. So with the old bachelor, he whiles away his younger days, believing there's "time enough" left for matrimony, contracts habits suited only for single life, and aftertime finds himself solitary and gray headed, with no one to care for him, and curses the day he was so foolish as to believe there was time enough. The man of the world who dreams of nothing but pleasure, should a moment of serious reflection occur, puts off its warning with "there's time enough" for gravity in old age until he finds himself worn out by gaiety, tottering under premature infirmity, and when it is too late learns there was not "time enough," or perhaps, cut off in the middle of his days, passes into another state of existence, where he will find "time enough;" but not to retrieve his steps. We might run on *ad infinitum*, detailing instances in which "there's time enough" does mischief, and the multitude of cases where it has proved fatal to our hopes, should warn us that when what we have to do is done and well done, then and then only is "there time enough."

Too keen for a Counsellor.—A highwayman meeting a counsellor in his chariot on the Surry road, presented a blunderbuss, and demanded his money, with the usual compliment. The gentleman readily surrendered 60 guineas, but kindly told the thief, that for his own safety he had better put the robbery on the footing of an exchange by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just taken from him. "With all my heart," said the highwayman, and gave it to the advocate, who immediately turned the muzzle, and told him that if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him! "That you may if you can," (replied Turnpin,) "for I promise you that it is not loaded," and rode off very coolly with his booty.

Newspaper Readers.—A cook whose business it should be to cater for the palates of eight or ten hundred persons and who should be obliged to provide for each individual the dish he preferred, would have a somewhat difficult task to perform. Precisely so with the printer. No two of his readers think exactly alike to what would in their opinion constitute proper matter to fill a paper. We would like to see a newspaper which all of our subscribers should have a hand in compiling and which should contain suitable proportions of matter adapted to the taste of every one. It would be as spacious as heaven's canopy; and we would be willing to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca in order to get a peep at it.

Trying an Irishman.—An Irishman, at an assize in Cork, was arraigned for felony, before Judge Mounteny. He was asked who he would be tried by? The Jailer desired him to say, by God and his country. "Upon my shoul I will not," says Paddy, "for I don't like it at all; at

all, my dear!" "What's that you say, honest man?"—says the judge. "See there now," says the criminal, "his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty?" "What do you say?" says the judge, in an authoritative voice. "I say, my lord, I won't be tried by God at all, for he knows all about the matter! But I will be tried by your lordship and my country."

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1829.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The Publisher of the **RURAL REPOSITORY**, desirous of rendering the next volume still more worthy than the present, of the liberal patronage the publication has received, and still continues to receive, offers the following Premiums:—

For the best *Original Tale*, **TEN DOLLARS**;

For the second best, a complete set of the *Repository*, elegantly bound and gilt;

For the best *Original Poem*, not exceeding eighty lines, **THREE DOLLARS**;

For the second best, a set of *Sturm's Reflections*, bound and gilt.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of May next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

For Publishers of papers, with whom we exchange, will confer a favour by giving the above a few insertions.

A new Post-Office is established in New-Hartford, on the turnpike road leading from Hartford to Sharon, by the name of "New-Hartford Centre Office," and James F. Henderson is appointed P. M.

LAST FORUM,

The last meeting of the Hudson Forum will take place at the Court-House, on Wednesday Evening the 18th of March, at 7 o'clock, and discuss the following question.—"Ought the government of the United States to colonize the Indians?"

The concluding address will be delivered by John Gaul, Jun. Esq.

MARRIED,

At Claverack, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Henry S. Belding to Miss Julia Humphrey.

At West Troy, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Marvin, Mr. Samuel T. Teal to Miss Francis Burrows, daughter of Jabez Burrows, Esq. all of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on Thursday the 5th inst. Miss Dorothea Wilhelmina Borland, daughter and only child of Samuel Borland, Esq. in the 33d year of her age.

On the 25th ult. Henry Warner, aged 1 year and 20 days, son of R. G. Frary.

On the 10th ult. Randel Skinner, aged about 1 year.

On his passage from Liverpool to this country, the Rev. Benjamin Allen, of Philadelphia.

At Rhinebeck-flats, on Monday last, Mrs. Joanna Livingston, consort of the Hon. P. R. Livingston.

At Keene, N. H. George W. Prentiss, Esq. aged 37, one of the editors of the *New-York Statesman*.

In New-York, Mr. George W. Hyer, formerly co-editor and publisher of the *Mercantile Advertiser*, in the 40th year of his age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A FRAGMENT.

I touched the knocker lightly, for I knew
Affliction's hand had lately pressed upon
The inmates of the mansion, with severe,
Uncommon force.—Anon, light footsteps broke
The silence, from within;—slowly the door
Was opened by a maid—Great Heaven how changed!
But four days since, she walked the halls of mirth,
And glided through the mazy dance, in all
The pride of conscious power to please. Her form
Was such as *Poets*, represent to be
Sylph-like. Her long dark hair strayed down her neck,
Curling so gracefully as does the smoke
From a cottage chimney, on a winter's morn.
Eyes that would vie with choicest diamonds, sat
Beneath a forehead round and high—Teeth white
As flower d'lace, on coral beds were seen,
When laughter caused her cherry lips to part.
Oh Heaven how changed! She now moves pensively
About, her mind intent on things beyond
This world. Woe has not changed her rich dark hair;
Ay but her eyes! O look! They are not swollen
With grief! No—for much weeping dries the fount
Of tears—absorbs the juices of the eye,
And leaves the pupil shrunken. So, were hers.
Her pallid features likewise plainly told
Of unaccustomed wakings; still her meek,
Resigned demeanor, shewed her lovelier far,
Than joyful countenance. In accents mild
She said, “afflictions press upon us hard;
But we are not the first, from whom a kind,
Indulgent Father has been called by death:—
It is the will of Heaven, and that is just.”
No tear suffused her eye; as I before
Have sung, the briny fount was dry.

There sat
The widowed mother, with her arms entwined
Around a sleeping infant:—oft she bent
O'er, gazed upon, and kissed his smiling face;
Oft pressed him closer to her bosom, as
The memory of his sire, returned afresh.
She mourned his transit from this world—but why?
She vowed to love him all his life, no more—
Why then repine when life is o'er, and all
Is unavailing? 'Tis the way with frail
Mankind; they sorrow for the dead more than
For those who live.—'Tis nature's fault—the fault
Must be excused; for nature's frail. **PENDENNIS.**

GERTRUDE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing moments, with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings, and those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago at Haerlem, in a book entitled “Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelity unto death.”

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes rais'd,
The breeze threw back her hair,
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.

The night was round her clear and cold,

The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

“ And bid me not depart,” she cried,
“ My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side;
Peace, peace, I cannot go.
Has the world aught for me to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world!—what means it—*mine is here*—
I will not leave thee now.

“ I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not in memory's living power
To strengthen me in *this*.
And thou, mine honoured love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
From Woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest wo,
She bore her lofty part,
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou, should'st speak.

The wind rose high—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear;
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near,
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute chords low
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd,
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—
One smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While e'en as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And weeping blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

ENIGMAS.

“ And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
“ Despise not the value of things that are small.”

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—*Musket, Sickle*, from which the word
MUSIC is taken.

PUZZLE II.—*Nail.*

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
With the half of a measure and plural of **I**,
The name of a poet you soon may descry.

II.
Why is a pawn-broker like the devil?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.